

Production No. 2F03

The Simpsons

"TREEHOUSE OF HORROR V"

Written by

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TABLE DRAFT

Date 4/7/94

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY"TREEHOUSE OF HORROR V"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
 BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
 LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
 MR. BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
 SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
 GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE....DAN CASTELLANETA
 VOICE (O.S.)/JOHN DENVER
DAN CASTELLANETA
 SEBASTIAN CABOTT.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 MOE.....HANK AZARIA
 SHERRI.....PAMELA HAYDEN
 TERRI.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
 PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER
 SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER
 ARNOLD SCHWARZENNEGER...HARRY SHEARER
 WOLFMAN.....HANK AZARIA
 CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA
 ANNOUNCER (V.O.).....HARRY SHEARER
 CHORUS (V.O.).....ALL
 GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA

SLOTH.....HANK AZARIA
NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER
BARNEY.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
JOHN LENNON.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MAGGIE (JAMES EARL JONES VOICE)
.....HARRY SHEARER
KANG.....HARRY SHEARER
KODOS.....DAN CASTELLANETA
CLASS.....DAN/HANK/HARRY/NANCY
MRS. KRABAPPEL.....MARCIA WALLACE
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER
KID BEHIND GLASS.....PAMELA HAYDEN
JIMBO.....PAMELA HAYDEN
LUNCHLADY DORIS.....DORIS GRAU
KEARNEY.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
MARTIN.....PAMELA HAYDEN
UTER.....PAMELA HAYDEN
RALPH.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

OPENING

FADE IN:

MARGE comes out through a curtain and addresses the audience.

MARGE

Hello, once again. As usual, I must warn you all that this year's Halloween show is very, very scary and those of you with young children who are...

An arm comes into frame and hands her a piece of paper.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(READING) Oh my. It seems the show is so scary, that congress won't even let us show it. Instead they've suggested the 1947 classic Glenn Ford movie, "200 Miles To Oregon."

We see boring, live action, black and white footage of covered wagons inching across the prairie (including steers, campfires, and chuck wagon shots). Suddenly the picture raster goes all funny, then collapses into a single dot. The dot stretches and becomes a voice-activated oscilloscope.

BART (V.O.)

(DEEP VOICE) There's nothing wrong with your television set. Do not attempt to adjust your picture. We are controlling the transmission...

HOMER (V.O.)

We're in control? Hey, look. I can see my voice. (LAUGHS)

He makes a series of experimental **SILLY NOISES**, which makes the oscilloscope go nuts.

BART (V.O.)

(ADMONISHING) Dad! You're ruining the mood. (DEEP VOICE) For the next half hour, we will control what you see and hear.

HOMER (V.O.)

(HIGH PITCHED NOISE)

BART (V.O.)

Homer!

HOMER (V.O.)

Sorry...

BART (V.O.)

(DEEP VOICE) You are about to experience the awe and mystery of...
The Simpsons Halloween Special.

HOMER (V.O.)

(HIGH VOICE) Wee, wee.

THE SHINNING

by

Bob Kushell

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

MUSIC: FRIGHTENING WENDY CARLOSQUE MUSIC OVER THE
FOLLOWING:

A distant OVERHEAD SHOT of the Simpsons' car driving along
a twisty, cliff-side, two-lane highway, leading to large
mountains.

TITLE CARD: WHITE LETTERS ON BLACK BACKGROUND READS
"TUESDAY"

BACK TO SCENE

As the car continues climbing toward an ominous-looking
mansion (a la the Overlook Hotel.)

HOMER

Well, it was a long trip, but we're
almost there.

MARGE

Homer, did you remember to lock the
front door of the house?

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

TITLE CARD: "WEDNESDAY"

The car approaches the mansion one more time.

HOMER

Well, it's been two long trips, but
we're finally almost there, again.

MARGE

When you locked the front door, did you
remember to lock the back door?

HOMER

(TWO ANNOYED GRUNTS)

TITLE CARD: "THURSDAY"

The car approaches the mansion, yet again.

LISA

(GASP) Oh no! We left Grampa back at
the gas station.

There is a long beat as the car continues to drive.

LISA (CONT'D)

What about Grampa?

EXT. BURNS' MOUNTAIN RETREAT - ESTABLISHING - LATER

The Simpsons' car pulls up to the sprawling estate. The
family gets out and waves to BURNS and SMITHERS who are
standing out front.

SIMPSONS

(VARIOUS GREETINGS) "Hello." "We're
here." "Hi." etc.

BURNS

(EYEING SIMPSONS) So this is what the
four families of Chicago send against
me? I'll slaughter them where they
stand.

He **PUNCHES** a clip into a machine pistol and takes aim.

SMITHERS

Sir, that's Homer Simpson, the new caretaker.

BURNS

(TOSSES GUN) (CHEERY) Ah, then, welcome.

The Simpsons walk over to him.

HOMER

Don't you worry about a thing, Mr.

Burns. I'll treat your home as if it were my own.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

We hear loud **HISSING** sounds of escaping gas. There is a loud **EXPLOSION**, the roof collapses and flames **SHOOT** out of the windows.

INT. RETREAT - LIVING ROOM

Large elevator doors open. Burns, Smithers, Homer, Marge, and Lisa walk into the large cavernous, **ECHOING** living room.

BURNS

This house has quite a long and colorful history. It was built on an ancient Indian burial ground, and was the setting of satanic rituals, witch burnings, and five John Denver Christmas Specials.

HOMER

(SHUDDERS) John Denver.

Down the hall an elevator opens and blood cascades out in ominous slow motion. The Simpsons look very concerned.

BURNS

That's odd. Usually the blood gets off
at the second floor.

MARGE

(ASIDE) Homer, the idea of being stuck
in this place all winter gives me the
heebee-geebee's.

HOMER

There's nothing to worry about, Marge.
We have everything we need to keep us
happy. Cable TV, enough liquor to kill
us ten times over, and the world's
largest axe collection to defend
ourselves against all enemies, real or
imagined.

We see the Simpsons walk past a large collection of axes.

EXT. RETREAT

Bart is running past a wall of green hedge.

BART

I don't know what the big deal is.

These hedgemazes are a piece of cake!

We PULL BACK to see Bart is running repeatedly around the
same bush.

GROUNDKEEPER WILLIE

That's not a hedgemaze. It's a
bleeding bush in the middle of nowhere,
ya cookie chompin' wedgie bait! The
real hedgemaze is over there!

He points to a gigantic super complicated hedgemaze.

VOICE (O.S.)

Help! Help! It's me, John Denver.

I've been stuck in here since '77.

I've got a lotta new songs. (SINGING

TO THE TUNE OF "YOU FILL UP MY

SENSES.") "I'm stuck in a hedge maze."

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

Shut up, ya bang-wearin' tree hugger!

(TO BART) So your da' is gonna be
takin' over me caretakin' this winter.

BART

Ya-huh.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE'S BRAIN (V.O.)

Poor li'l wee one. His father's gonna
go loose in the bean and make haggis of
them all.

BART

What's a haggis?

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

(GASP) Boy, you read my thoughts! You
got the "shinning."

BART

You mean "shining."

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

No, "shinning." It was this book by
Stephen King. Just like Curry, Cujow,
and Ned-Full Thinks.

He holds up Stephen King's books "Carrie", "Cujo" and
"Needful Things."

BART

(DUBIOUS) Uh-huh.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

Now look, boy. If there's any trouble,
you just use that "shin" of yours to
call me and I'll come a-runnin'. But
don't be readin' my mind between four
and five. That's Willie's time.

EXT. RETREAT

Smithers cuts the TV cable, and packs the final cases of
beer into the back of Burns' limo.

BURNS

By cutting off cable TV and the beer
supply, I can ensure an honest winter's
work out of those low-lives.

SMITHERS

Sir, did you ever think that maybe it
was doing this that caused the previous
caretakers to go insane and murder
their families?

BURNS

(CONSIDERING) Hmm, perhaps. (THEN)
Tell you what. We come back and
everyone's slaughtered, I owe you a
coke.

They drive off.

INT. CARETAKERS QUARTERS - LATER

HOMER

This is the greatest job in the world.
All I have to do is sit on my butt,
watch TV, and drink beer all winter
long.

MARGE

Homer, what's gonna happen when Mr.
Burns comes and sees the place has gone
to hay in a handbasket?

HOMER

Eh, we'll just write "reefer is groovy"
on the wall and blame it on hippies.

He turns on the TV, with the remote. There is nothing but
fuzz.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(MATTER OF FACT) Hm, cable's out...
Think I'll have a beer.

He opens the refrigerator. It's empty.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CALM) Hm, not a drop in the house.
What do ya know?

MARGE

(IMPRESSED MURMUR) Homer, I'm
impressed. You're taking this quite
well.

HOMER

(BEAT, THEN) I'll kill you! I'll kill
all of you!

MARGE

Homer!

HOMER

Sorry, sorry. Don't worry, there's
plenty I can do to keep myself
occupied. Maybe I'll check out that
axe collection. (CRAZY) See ya later.

Homer quickly exits.

LISA

Mom, is Dad gonna kill us?

MARGE

We're just gonna have to wait and see.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM

Homer sits at a deserted bar.

HOMER

Oh I want a beer. How I need a beer.

SEBASTIAN CABOT eerily appears.

SEBASTIAN CABOT

Hello, Mr. Simpson. I'm the late
Sebastian Cabot. I can assist you in
growing a beard.

HOMER

I said beer.

SEBASTIAN CABOT

Oh, very sorry. One moment please.

Sebastian Cabot fades away as MOE appears.

MOE

So what'll it be, Homer?

HOMER

Moe! Give me a beer!

MOE

No. Not unless you kill your family.

HOMER

Why should I kill my family?

MOE

Uh, they'd be much happier as ghosts.

HOMER

You don't look so happy.

MOE

Oh, I'm happy. La, la, la, la, la.

Now waste your family and I'll give you
a beer!

INT. HALLWAY

We see Bart skateboarding down the hall. Behind Bart we see all the doors open and various monsters peek out including the WOLFMAN, the MUMMY, UNCLE FESTER, DRACULA, FREDDY KRUEGER, PINHEAD, and the Ghostbusters' SLIMER. Bart senses something and turns around. All the monsters instantly **SLAM** their doors shut.

BART

(CURIOUS GRUNT)

Bart turns to see a ghost SHERRI and TERRI at the end of the hallway. Bart **GASPS** and quickly stops his skateboard.

SHERRI/TERRI

(EERIE SINGING) Your daddy's gonna kill
you... (SCARY LAUGH)

Bart **SCREAMS**, turns around and sees ghosts of PATTY and SELMA smoking cigarettes with smoke coming out of holes in their throats (a la Beetlejuice).

PATTY/SELMA

They're right, you know.

Bart turns again only to be confronted by ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER and DANNY DeVITO wearing identical jackets and shorts.

SCHWARZENEGGER

I'd believe them if I were you. (BEAT)

What are you looking at? We're twins

too. We have a right to be here.

Bart **SCREAMS** and skateboards down the hall.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - TV ROOM

Marge slowly enters and sees a large TV with static on it. In front of the TV is a typewriter on a table. We see Marge's POV as she walks slowly over to the typewriter.

MARGE

Homer! Homie? Hm... what he's typed
will be a window into his madness.

We slowly move with Marge toward the typewriter. She sees
Homer's typed: "Feelin' fine."

MARGE (CONT'D)

Well, that's a relief.

We WIDEN to see that written in every available space on
the walls, ceiling, and floor: "NO TV AND NO BEER MAKE
HOMER GO CRAZY."

MARGE (CONT'D)

This is less encouraging.

In that moment Homer **BURSTS** into the room. Marge **SCREAMS**.

HOMER

(RE: CEILING) So, what do you think,
Marge? All I need is a title. I was
thinking something along the lines of
"No TV and No Beer Make Homer..."
something something.

MARGE

(WORRIED) Go crazy?

HOMER

Don't mind if I do. (CRAZY NOISES)

Homer goes towards Marge menacingly. She runs over to a
glass case in the wall holding a baseball bat. A sign
reads: "BREAK GLASS IN CASE OF SPOUSAL INSANITY." Marge
BREAKS the glass and grabs the bat.

MARGE

Stay away from me, Homer!

HOMER

Gimme the bat, Marge. Gimme the bat!

Homer continues moving toward Marge and making scary Nicholson-esque faces and **SILLY NOISES**. Marge backs up the staircase. Homer's faces eventually become bigger and more exaggerated.

MARGE

Homer, stop that! You know making faces can affect your sense of balance.

HOMER

(SARCASTIC) Yeah, right, Marge.

Homer makes his ugliest face, then slowly falls over backwards and down the steps, knocking himself out.

INT. KITCHEN

Marge carries Homer on her back, into the pantry, dumps him on the floor.

MARGE

You stay here 'til you're no longer insane. (LOOKING AT SHELF) Mmmm, chili would be good tonight.

She grabs a can and exits, locking Homer in.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. PANTRY

Homer, surrounded by lots of open boxes, is rubbing his head and gorging himself on food. There's a **KNOCK** on the pantry door.

MOE (O.S.)

Homer, some of the ghouls and I are a little concerned the project isn't moving forward.

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL) Can't murder now. Eating.

MOE (O.S.)

Oh, for cryin' out loud.

Moe goes inside and tries to pull Homer away. Homer resists and tries to continue eating.

HOMER

(MOUTHFUL) Noooo!

MOE

Hey, need a little help, here. All you ghosts! Monsters, too! That means you, Wolfman.

WOLFMAN

(DISAPPOINTED YELP)

The various ghouls and monsters we saw before reluctantly come in and begin dragging Homer out.

INT. RETREAT - KITCHEN

We see the family eating.

ANGLE ON DOOR

An axe blade comes **CRASHING** through. Another **CHOP** leaves a large hole. Homer's head appears.

HOMER

Heeeeere's Johnny.

We **WIDEN** to see Homer's broken into an empty room.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

ANGLE ON ANOTHER DOOR

The axe rips a hole. Homer sticks his head through.

HOMER

Daaaa-vid Lettermaaaan!

WE WIDEN to see John Denver sitting on a stool, **PLAYING** guitar.

JOHN DENVER

(SINGING TO THE TUNE OF "YOU FILL UP MY SENSES") "I'm out of the hedgemaze..."

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

ANGLE ON ANOTHER DOOR

An axe rips a hole. We hear a **TICKING** noise.

HOMER

I'm Mike Wallace. I'm Morley Safer.

And I'm Ed Bradley. All this and Andy

Rooney tonight on "60 minutes."

Homer has the patented Kubrick look of insanity. The Simpsons **SCREAM** and run out another door, down a corridor into a room with a radio.

MARGE

Hello, police? This is Marge Simpson.

My husband is on a murderous rampage.

(BEAT) Over.

INT. WIGGUM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

WIGGUM

Well thank God that's over. Turn off the radio, Lou.

Lou turns off the radio.

INT. RETREAT - CONTINUOUS

MARGE

No answer.

BART

Don't worry, Mom. I can use my special
ability to call Willie.

We see Bart concentrate hard.

INT. WILLIE'S SHACK

Willie, in bed with a WATCHMAN TV, suddenly bolts upright.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

Uh oh. The little fat boy an' his
family're in trouble.

EXT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Willie runs across the snow toward the retreat.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

(YELLING) I'm comin' to rescue the lot
o' ya.

Willie BURSTS through the front door.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE (CONT'D)

(RIPPING OFF HIS SHIRT) Alright,
looney, there's nary a man alive who
can stop a determined Scotsman.

Homer steps out from behind a column and plants a huge axe
into Willie's back.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE (CONT'D)

Is that the best you can do?

Willie falls over dead. We see the family has been hiding
out watching this.

MARGE

Oh my, I hope that rug was
Scotchguarded.

Homer takes down another huge axe off the wall.

HOMER

(EYES ROLLED UP) Must kill family.

The family runs outside with Homer in pursuit. They hit deep snow which slows them down as if they're in molasses. Homer is gaining. It looks hopeless. Lisa notices Willie's Watchman in the snow. Homer approaches them, axe raised. At the last moment, Lisa shoves the TV toward Homer's face.

LISA

Dad, look!

Homer freezes in his tracks.

HOMER

(GASP) Television! Most precious of
all visions!

Homer drops the axe, grabs the TV and sits down in the snow.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(TREMENDOUS RELIEVED SIGH) Soothing,
visual narcotic. Need to kill fading,
fading...

The family takes a cautious step toward Homer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Fading... (SUDDENLY INTENSE) Rising!

The family jumps back.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CALM AGAIN) ...Fading, fading, gone.

The family **SIGHS**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Come, family, sit in the snow with
Daddy and let's all bask in
television's warming glow.

The family sits around Homer. They all watch TV.

KUBRICK MATCH CUT:

EXT. RETREAT

The Simpsons are frozen solid in the same position in front
of the TV set.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now, live from Broadway, it's the
Tony Awards! With your hosts, Liza
Minnelli and Hal Linden.

BART

(FROZEN MOUTH) Homer, change channel!

HOMER

Can't. Frozen.

CHORUS (V.O.)

(SINGING) "One!..."

FAMILY

(SCREAM)

CHORUS

(SINGING) "Singular sensation..."

HOMER

Need to kill rising.

FADE OUT:

THE END

TIME AND PUNISHMENT

by

Greg Daniels and Dan McGrath

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - A SUNNY MORNING

Homer sits, dreamily admiring his family as they peacefully eat breakfast. Birds are **CHIRPING**, all is contentment.

HOMER

Y'know, Marge, I've had my share of troubles, but sitting here now with you and the kids, in our own cozy home in this beautiful, free country, it just gives me a good feeling that I'm a really lucky guy.

LISA

(EXTREMELY ALARMED) Dad!! Your hand is jammed in the toaster!!

JUMP BACK TO REVEAL

Homer's hand is stuck in the **SPARKING**, smoking toaster. Realizing, he leaps up, wrenches it from the wall socket and **BANGS** it against the wall, **WHIMPERING** and **SCREAMING**.

BART / LISA / MARGE

(WILD YOWLS) Dad!! Daaadd!! Homer!!

HOMER

Yllahl! Get it off! Get it offff!!

Finally the toaster shakes loose from his hand and **HITS** the floor. Homer sags against the wall, **GASPING**, and sits down.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(PROLONGED EXHAUSTED BREATHING,
FOLLOWED BY A RELIEVED SIGH)

BART

Dad, it's in there again!

We see the toaster on Homer's hand. He begins **SCREAMING** again.

INT. BASEMENT - A LITTLE LATER

The broken toaster sits on the workshop table. Homer unpacks his tools.

HOMER

Screwdriver. (IMPORTANTLY) Phillips
screwdriver. And, safety scissors.

He **PRIES** open the back of the toaster, and peers inside. It is a **HUMMING**, glistening complex of circuitry, diodes, and multi-colored wires. Homer considers his options.

HOMER

(MEEKLY) I need more tools.

RAPID TIME-DISSOLVE MONTAGE

A) The workshop is now cluttered with new tools. Homer clenches the toaster between his knees and yanks wires out of the back panel with pliers, **GRUMBLING** and **CURSING**.

B) Homer on his back works furiously underneath the toaster, which is now raised on a hydraulic lift. All around are even more sophisticated power tools. He is angrily, loudly **BANGING** and **GRUNTING**.

C) There are blackboards filled with equations. Machinery everywhere. Homer takes off a pair of thin wire-rim glasses, rubs his temples, tilts his head back and **EXHALES**.

HOMER

(INTELLECTUAL SIGH)

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAWN BREAKING DRAMATICALLY

INT. BASEMENT - SUNRISE

The toaster is now repaired, but has many extra clumps of circuits and glowing tubes attached. Homer looks at all the tools, machinery, blackboards, etc.:

HOMER

Finished! (DEFENSIVE) It was worth it.

He puts in some bread. The toaster begins to shiver and make a **MENACING NOISE**. Homer **SNIFFS** the air nervously.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(WORRIED) I smell ozone.

INT. KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

A sleepy Marge is making morning coffee when a **BLINDING ARC OF LIGHT SHOOTs** up the basement stairs and ricochets down.

MARGE

(TURNING, SLEEPILY) Well that's
trouble.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Homer's stool and the worktable are empty. Two tiny wisps of smoke rise from where he and the toaster were. Silence.

INT. TIME SPIRAL - CONTINUOUS

Clutching the toaster and **SCREAMING**, Homer falls through a stylized spiral vortex as time dissolves around him.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD JUNGLE - 100 MILLION B.C.

In a prehistoric jungle, weird lizards run under giant fern fronds. We hear eerie **CHIRPING** of Paleozoic insects. Homer appears in a **BURST** of light, clutching the toaster.

HOMER

(SLYLY CONFIDENT) If I was a stupider man, I might think I somehow turned this toaster into a time machine. If I was a stupider man. (SMUG CHUCKLE)

Homer is startled by the SCREECH of a pterodactyl overhead.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS) OK. Don't panic. Remember what your father always taught you...

HOMER'S THOUGHT BUBBLE

GRAMPA is lecturing a ten-year-old Homer.

GRAMPA

Never eat rice. Never vote for the Demmy-crats. And if you ever travel back in time, don't step on anything, because even the tiniest change can create a domino effect that will alter the future in ways we can't even imagine. Remember these three things and nothing will ever harm you. (BEAT; THEN) Here, let me help you with that.

We reveal that Homer's been trying to light a cigarette. Grampa pulls out a lighter and lights it for him. Homer begins to COUGH.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

Here. Wash it down with some liquor.

Grampa hands him a shot glass.

BACK ON HOMER

who stands still, clutching the toaster.

HOMER

Fine. As long as I stand perfectly
still and don't touch anything, I won't
destroy the future.

There is a one-inch prehistoric mosquito **BUZZING** around his
face. He thoughtlessly **SWATS** the mosquito and kills it.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Stupid bug. You go squish now. (BEAT.
REALIZING) (GASP) But that was just one
little insignificant mosquito. That
can't change the future, right? Right?

A giant prehistoric **SLOTH** passes by.

SLOTH

(NONCOMMITTAL GRUNT)

In that moment, the toaster **POPS** up and Homer disappears in
a flash of light.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

We see **SNOWBALL II** sleeping peacefully. Suddenly there is
a **LOW HUMMING** and blue **SPARKS** everywhere. Snowball II
looks around nervously. Suddenly, Homer appears where
Snowball II was sleeping. **PAN UP** to see the cat is perched
on Homer's head, back arched, claws deep in his scalp.
Homer painfully peels him off.

HOMER

(RELIEVED) Snowball II. I'm back!

Nothing's changed!

INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Homer enters from the basement as the family eats breakfast
again, as in scene 1. Birds are **CHIRPING**, all is happy.

HOMER

Oh, my loving family. Whew, that was
close...

Homer is cut off by a loud, **OMINOUS SIREN**. The family members instantly go blank and mechanically turn their chairs in unison toward a point in the room. The floor liquifies and out rises a monitor, still holding the floor's checkerboard pattern. **FLANDERS** appears on the monitor.

FLANDERS

Hidilly ho, slave-a-reenos.

The family all raise their hands in salute, giving the OK sign.

MARGE/BART/LISA

(MECHANICALLY HAPPY) Okilly dokilly.

FLANDERS

Sure is a beautiful morn', so I'd like
to ask you all to increase your work
output just a skosh. Of course, those
of you who resist, well... (EMBARASSED
LAUGH) let's not get into that.

HOMER

Hey, what the hell is Flanders doin' on
TV?

MARGE

(GASPS) Homer, don't take the name of
the ultra king in vain.

HOMER

Ultra king? Marge, you're fallin' for
the oldest scam in the book.

An **ALARM** goes off. Red lights flash.

MARGE

(WORRIED) My stars!

FLANDERS

I see by the big board we've got a
Negative Nellie in Sector Two. I'm
afraid I'm going to have to ask the
whole family to kinda freeze and
prepare for re-Neducation.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

An ominous looking futuristic white van **SCREECHES** to a halt
in front of the house. Two faceless men in full body suits
start walking toward the house.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Homer grabs a baseball bat.

HOMER

Don't worry, nobody's educating this
family.

The entire house suddenly jerks.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

We see the entire Simpson house is being towed away on a
high tech platform.

INT. HOUSE

HOMER

(UPSET) What's going on here?

BART

Dad, you know as well as we do.
Flanders is the unquestioned lord and
master of the world.

LISA

He's created a near perfect society
where there's no crime, hunger or war,
and all have access to the lively arts.

HOMER

(A LA CHARLTON HESTON) If that's your
world, I don't want to live in it.

EXT. FREEWAY

They drive through a gate marked: "RE-NEDUCATION CENTER
#32. 'WHERE THE ELITE MEET TO HAVE THEIR SPIRITS BROKEN'"

INT. GRAY ROOM

The Simpsons are in a room, dressed like the Flanders family. Homer is wearing a sweater and chinos. Marge is in a simple dress. The kids are dressed for church. The Flanders family appear in front of them on a giant video screen, dressed exactly like them.

FLANDERS

Greetings, boo-boo makers! Sorry for
the inconvenience. I guarantee by the
time we're done you'll walk out of this
place happy. If you're not happy, I'm
not happy. And if I'm not happy,
you're gonna wish you were dead.
Everybody happy?

INT. ANOTHER GRAY ROOM

The Simpsons are herded around a phony camp fire which suddenly **BURSTS** into flames. Flanders' image appears on a screen which lowers down. He is holding a guitar and begins to play.

FLANDERS

If you're happy and you know it, you're required to clap your hands/ If you're happy and you know it, you're required to clap your hands/ If you're happy and you know it then you'd be advised to show it/ If you're happy and you know it, you're required to clap your hands.

The Simpsons, except for Homer, clap along with scared smiles.

FLANDERS (CONT'D)

Okay, let's pick up the tempo!

INT. HIGH TECH ROOM

The same people are strapped into chairs. Flanders is on yet another screen.

FLANDERS

Okay, everybody. Let's see some big smiles. You know a smile is just a frown turned upside down. (LITTLE OMINOUS) Just watch.

Two metal hooks lower from the ceiling over each person. The hooks grab the corners of each person's mouth and yank their faces into painful rictus-type smiles.

FLANDERS (CONT'D)

Just relax and let the hooks do their work.

With his eyes, Homer looks at the person next to him.

HOMER

(HOOKS IN MOUTH) What are you smilin'
at?

INT. CORRIDOR

Homer is standing in line, still rubbing his tender mouth.
Ned is on another ever-present monitor.

FLANDERS

In case all that singin' and smilin'
didn't cheer ya up, there's one thing
that never fails. A nice glass of warm
milk, a little nap, and a total frontal
lobotomy.

A zombie-like Moe walks up to Homer.

MOE

(EERILY CALM AND CHEEFUL) It's not so
bad, Homer. They go in through your
nose. And they let you keep the piece
of brain they cut out. (CUTE TALK, TO
BRAIN) Hello there. Who's that big
man there? Who is that?

Homer looks up and sees his lobotomized family with brain
jars as well.

LISA/BART

(LIFELESS AND SCARY) Join us, Father.

MARGE

(EXTREME MONOTONE) It's Bliiiiisssss.

Marge drools mindlessly.

HOMER

Noooooo!

Homer bolts. An **ALARM** goes off.

FLANDERS (ON SCREEN)

Looks like we got a runner. Guess
there's no choice but to release the
hounds.

We see a large ominous steel door raise up. A pack of
fluffy, adorable little PUPPIES come bounding out, **YIPPING**.
Homer runs.

HOMER

Oh no! They're gaining on me, those
cute little scamps. Wait, I have an
idea.

Homer pulls a string of wieners from his pocket.

HOMER (CONT'D)

These wieners will give me the quick
energy I need to escape.

Homer **GULPS** the wieners, and then does indeed leave the
dogs in the dust. He runs into the house. There is a
blinding flash of light.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD PRIMEVAL JUNGLE - 100 MILLION B.C.

Homer flashes back into scene. Suddenly a T. REX **BURSTS**
from the bushes and **ROARS** at Homer. Homer freezes,
standing perfectly still.

HOMER

If there's one thing Spielberg has
taught us, it's if you stand perfectly
still, dinosaurs can't see you.

We see the dinosaur cock his head.

DINOSAUR POV

Everything around and behind Homer is darkness, but Homer is a big colorful bright spot. The POV gets closer to Homer.

BACK TO SCENE

The T. Rex goes to bite Homer's head off. He ducks just in time.

HOMER

(SCREAMS)

Homer begins running, but very gingerly and balletic.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Mustn't crush. Mustn't kill. Made it!

Homer takes a deep breathe and sits down, **CRUSHING** a fish, which is just starting to pull itself on dry land with its emerging limbs.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SMALL VOICE) Sorry little...

"meaningless fellow?"

INT. KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

The family in the kitchen as before. A fearful Homer appears at the door.

MARGE

(TURNING) Svevo...?

Homer, ignoring this, runs to Marge and embraces her. Marge pushes him away in horror and **SLAPS** him.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(ANGRILY) Svevo! Svednyi dort maz
vliet rra!

She gestures angrily to a framed wedding photo on the wall. It depicts Homer, the bridegroom, standing happily between Patty and Selma, both wearing wedding dresses.

HOMER

(TINY WHIMPER) Ohno.

PATTY (O.S.)

(CALLING, AMOROUS) Svevo...?

SELMA (O.S.)

(AMOROUS) Sve-vo dyort-nyi...

(SMOOCHING NOISES)

Homer turns in horror to see Patty and Selma, both wearing sexy nightgowns and making bedroom eyes at him. Homer, cornered, backs against a wall as they advance. Suddenly they're on him like a pair of boa constrictors.

ANGLE ON BREAKFAST DISHES RATTLING

SFX: VIOLENT STRUGGLE ACCOMPANIED BY AMOROUS COOING.

HOMER (O.S.)

(SHRIEKING) Kill me! Someone kill me!

EXT. SPRINGFIELD PRIMEVAL JUNGLE - 100 MILLION B.C.

Homer appears, in his underwear, with lipstick all over his head, **HEAVING** and **GASPING**.

HOMER

(BEAT. STARTLED) Barney?!

WIDEN TO REVEAL

Barney sitting in the jungle holding a big mallet, standing next to two prehistoric mushrooms.

BARNEY

(OFFHAND) Hi, Homer! Does your VCR
keep sending you back here, too?

HOMER

(DESPERATE) Barney! Don't--

BARNEY

Eh, don't worry, I got it figured out.

If you smash this mushroom, the Beatles
never break up! But if you smash this
one, the Germans win World War Two...

He carefully takes aim and then hits one of the mushrooms.

BARNEY

Uh-oh.

After a thought, he hits the other mushroom, too.

EXT. RED SQUARE-STYLE PARADE GROUND - CONTINUOUS

On a reviewing stand, behind giant Mao-style posters of themselves, are four MILITARY DICTATORS: JOHN LENNON, PAUL MCCARTNEY, GEORGE HARRISON, and ADOLF HITLER. They all have Beatles haircuts and military uniforms, and hold electric guitars as a parade of chained slaves trudges before them.

JOHN

Fab rally, lads.

Homer, Marge, Bart and Lisa trudge past, chained together at the neck.

LISA

(MOONEY) My favorite is Paul. He is
wunderbar!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD JUNGLE - 100 MILLION B.C.

Homer appears again. The T. Rex **BURSTS** out of the bushes. Homer **SNEEZES**. The T. Rex stops short, catching Homer's germs, **SNEEZES** once, then keels over dead. A dinosaur next to it **SNEEZES** and collapses. A chain reaction starts.

HOMER'S PANORAMIC VIEW

of dinosaurs all over the landscape, **SNEEZING** and dying, one by one in rapid succession like dominoes.

HOMER

(QUIET) This is gonna cost me.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The kitchen is now luxurious and beautiful. Marge and the kids, looking well-dressed and wonderful, sit eating a huge repast. The house looks like a mansion. Homer enters.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT) I mean, Heeeyy.

BART

Morning, Pop. Are you going to teach us to drive the Lexus today, like you promised?

LISA

After all, we're both ever so bright and trustworthy.

HOMER

(TO HIMSELF) Hmm. House is looking good, kids are well-behaved, I seem to own a luxury sedan. (SMUG ASIDE) Hee, hee. I ain't never going back. (ALOUD) Marge, dear. Would you kindly pass me a donut?

MARGE

(PUZZLED) "Donut"? What's a donut?

HOMER

(SCREAMS AND SCREAMS)

He runs back into the basement and **SLAMS** the door. Marge looks out the window: donuts are falling from the sky.

MARGE

(CASUAL) Hmph. It's raining again.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

VERY FAST MONTAGE

A) There is a BLINDING ARC OF LIGHT, and then Homer pounds up the basement stairs and throws open the door to reveal a hellish sweatshop full of loathesome, grey, emaciated MORLOCKS with bulging albino eyes a la The Time Machine.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

He slams the door shut.

B) Same FLASH OF LIGHT. Homer enters the kitchen. GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE is standing there.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

You're still not in your own world,
Homer. But you're close. If ye goo
back and do exactly what I tells ye...

(SCREAMS)

We see Maggie has just embedded an axe in Willie's back.

MAGGIE

(JAMES EARL JONES VOICE) This is
indeed a disturbing universe.

PULL BACK to reveal KANG and KODOS in their spaceship.

KANG

Foolish time traveling earthling,
thinking he can alter the universe by
crushing a mere butterfly. (LAUGH)

There is our familiar FLASH OF LIGHT. Kang and Kodos are silent for a moment, then...

KODOS

(NOTICING) Great Andromeda's gas! You
have an extra tentacle!

KANG

I'm a horrible freak! Don't look at
me!

They both start SCREAMING for way too long.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD JUNGLE - 100 MILLION B.C.

An angry-looking Homer appears with an insane look in his
eye. He grabs a great big stick.

HOMER

Don't touch anything?!! (WILDLY)
I'll... touch... whatever... I... feel
like!!

He wildly THRASHES about SMASHING things, BREAKING every
twig and SQUASHING every bug he can find.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(FRUSTRATED GRUNTS AND INSANE GIGGLES)

He vanishes again.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

In rapid succession (and in between flashes of light), the
Simpson house turns into an igloo, the Flintstones' house,
the Brown Derby, the Lincoln Memorial, and then finally
returns to the Simpson house.

INT. BASEMENT - SECONDS LATER

Homer reappears and steps to the basement door. After
hesitating, he very slowly and nervously opens the door a
crack and peeps out.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen and the family all look perfectly normal.
Homer gingerly enters, looking haggard and wild-eyed.

MARGE

Morning, Homer. Breakfast is ready.

(CONCERNED) Are you all right?

HOMER

(WILDLY) What's my name?! What color
is the sky?! Who is the dictator?

WHO?! (SHAKING MARGE) For the love of
God, tell meeeee!!!

MARGE

Homer! The sky is blue. Clinton is
President. Friday night is TGIF night
on ABC. What's gotten into you?

Homer sags to the table, exhausted.

HOMER

Nothing. Nothing at all. Forget I
said anything, and let's just eat
breakfast.

Marge, Bart, Lisa and Maggie open their mouths and long,
forked snake-tongues emerge, which grab their food and snap
back into their mouths, like a frog. Homer watches this in
horror for a second, then:

HOMER

(SHRUGS, TO HIMSELF) Eh. Close
enough.

He starts eating with the rest of them.

FADE OUT:

THE END

NIGHTMARE CAFETERIA

by

David S. Cohen

FADE IN:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

The marquee reads: "SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- PROUD HOME OF THE FIGHTING PUMAS." Then, in smaller print: "On probation until 2006."

INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S CLASS

She's not there yet. The KIDS are running rampant.

BART

(WHISTLES) Hey everybody! Let's all
turn our desks backwards before Mrs.
Krabappel shows up!

CLASS

(AD LIBBING) Yeah/ Cool/ Great idea/
etc.

EXT. HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

MRS. KRABAPPEL approaches. Through the door, we hear desk SCRAPING sounds. She enters.

MRS. KRABAPPEL'S POV

Every student sits facing forward, as usual, except Bart. He lounges backward, smugly facing the rear wall.

BART

(COCKY LAUGH, THEN REALIZING) Eh?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(ROLLS EYES) Alright, backwards boy.

Back your butt down to detention.

An annoyed Bart starts to exit. He looks around scornfully at the class.

MILHOUSE

(ASHAMED) Uhm... I think my desk got
snagged on some gum or something.

BART

You're all turncoats. Would that you
had been turn desks. (OFF THEIR
SILENCE) I'll polish that in detention.

INT. HALLWAY

Bart walks up to a door marked "DETENTION ROOM." We see
the room is literally jam packed to the rafters. Many
faces are pressed up against and peering out forlornly
through the glass of the door. Skinner **SMACKS** a rod
against his palm.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Over here, Simpson! The detention room
is dangerously overcrowded so you'll be
serving your time in the cafeteria.

KID BEHIND GLASS

(WEAK VOICE) Principal Skinner, oxygen
running out...

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

(CURT) You should have thought of that
before you made that paper airplane.

INT. CAFETERIA

JIMBO

Hey, Bart, come here. We're having a discussion on the best way to torture kids who are good at science. Kearney advocates the traditional pink belly, while I prefer the sudden punch to the throat.

Skinner listens and watches disgustedly.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

This overcrowding in detention is becoming critical. It's a powder keg waiting to go off in an explosion of unacceptable behavior.

LUNCHLADY DORIS walks by carrying an enormous kettle of soup.

LUNCHLADY DORIS

Don't bitch to me, bossman. Thanks to the latest budget cuts, I'm down to using grade F meat.

INT. CAFETERIA STOREROOM

We see several stacked boxes labelled "Grade F Meat - mostly circus animals, some filler."

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Wouldn't it be wonderful if there was some sort of common solution to both our problems?

LUNCHLADY DORIS

That would be great!

JIMBO

Hey, Bart, watch this.

As Lunchlady Doris walks by, Jimbo sticks out his foot. Lunchlady Doris trips, accidently spilling soup all over Jimbo.

JIMBO (CONT'D)

Oh no! My favorite outfit!

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Doris, you got soup on my juvenile delinquent.

She pulls Jimbo's hat out of the kettle.

LUNCHLADY DORIS

Honey, you got juvenile delinquent in my soup.

Skinner begins wiping Jimbo off with his hand.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Jimbo, this is by far the worst...

Skinner absently licks his finger.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER (CONT'D)

(SUDDEN SURPRISED SAVOR) Hmmm.

He scoops several more finger fulls.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER (CONT'D)

(VERY SATISFIED SOUNDS) Doris?

LUNCHLADY DORIS

What? What do you got here?

Doris samples a finger full.

LUNCHLADY DORIS (CONT'D)

(SOMEWHAT PLEASED) Oh. (AFTER A BEAT,
VERY PLEASED) Oh!

Skinner and Lunchlady Doris exchange meaningful looks.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

(SHIFTILY) Uh, Jimbo, why don't you
"assist" Lunchlady Doris in the
kitchen.

JIMBO

Bite me, Skinner.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

(MEANINGFUL NODDING) Well might we.

Jimbo and Lunchlady Doris pass through the swinging doors.
After a beat, we hear Jimbo's horrible SCREAM.

JIMBO (O.S.)

No! No! Nooooo!

KEARNEY

Wow! Sounds like they're making him
wash dishes!

They all shudder.

INT. CAFETERIA - FACULTY TABLE

Mrs. Krabappel, MISS HOOVER, other TEACHERS, and Principal
Skinner are eating.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(SURPRISED) Mmmm. This sandwich tastes
so young and impudent. Seymour, what's
with the good grub?

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Hmmm. Perhaps I ought to let you folks
in on a secret. (CONFIDENTIALLY) Do
you remember me telling Jimbo Jones
that I'd make something of him one day?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(STUNNED) Are you saying you killed
Jimbo, processed his carcass, and
served him for lunch?

Skinner nods affirmatively and taps a finger to his nose.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (CONT'D)

Ha!

The teachers continue eating with even more enthusiasm.

ANGLE ON CAFETERIA LINE

Bart, Milhouse, and MARTIN are moving through the line.

BART

I wonder where Jimbo is today. He
should've beaten us up for our lunch
money an hour ago.

MARTIN

Indeed he should have. For him to wait
until after lunch flies in the face of
logic.

UTER (the foreign exchange student) eagerly cuts in front
of them, tray in hand.

UTER

Frau Lunchlady, please to have another

Sloppy Jimbo. (TO BART AND MARTIN)

Das is good, nein?

Uter begins **GULPING** it down right there. Skinner comes over.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

That's your third helping, young man.

It's making you fat and soft... (LICKS

LIPS) and tender. Hmmm... You just

cut in line, didn't you? (SALIVATING)

Report to detention, Uter.

Uter throws down his fork angrily.

UTER

Za cooler? But I have done nothing.

Nothing!

Skinner looks at Uter hungrily.

SKINNER'S POV

Uter turns into a big juicy sausage.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

We pull back to see it's one of a plate of sausages. We hear German Oom-pah-pah music. A banner over the cafeteria reads "Oktöberfest." The teachers are wearing festive alpine hats. Lunchlady Doris is dressed in Liederhosen. Bart, Milhouse, and Martin eat hungrily.

BART

Wow, it's too bad Uter's not here. He

would've loved this. German chocolate

cake... Sauerkraut... Uterbräaten...

LISA approaches worriedly and sits down next to Bart.

LISA

Bart, does it strike you as odd that
Uter disappeared and suddenly they're
serving this mysterious food called
Uterbräaten?

Bart grows pale and stops chewing. He and Lisa exchange a
worried look just as Skinner walks up.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Relax, kids. I've got a gut feeling
Uter's around here somewhere.

(CHUCKLES) After all, isn't there a
little Uter in all of us? (LONGER
CHUCKLE) In fact, you might even say
we just ate Uter and he's in our
stomachs right now. (LAUGHS HARD,
THEN, ABRUPTLY) Wait. Scratch that.

Bart and Lisa exchange another worried look.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Bart and Lisa run in. Marge is loading the washing
machine.

LISA

Mom! Dad! You've gotta help! They're
cooking kids in the school cafeteria!

Marge continues loading clothes.

MARGE

Listen, kids. You're eight and ten years old now. I can't be fighting all your battles for you.

BART

But Mom!

MARGE

No buts. You march right back to that school, look them straight in the eye and say "don't eat me."

BART/LISA

(DEFEATED) Okay.

INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S CLASS

Bart, Lisa, Martin, Milhouse, WENDELL, and RALPH remain.
Mrs. Krabappel now has a significant pot belly.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Since so many students have been put on "permanent detention" (SUPPRESSES BURP), we've merged everyone into a single class. I trust there are no objections?

The terrified kids try to stay perfectly still. Wendell is so frightened, he actually starts shaking, causing his desk to vibrate, sending his pencil **ROLLING** to the floor. Without even looking up, Mrs. Krabappel points to the door.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Detention.

Wendell looks around nervously at the others, but they refuse to make eye contact. He slinks out, defeated.

RALPH

Mrs. Krabappel, I ate some of my
boogers. Should I go to detention too?

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(SQUINCHING FACE) Ew, no.

INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S CLASS - LATER

The remaining kids all have troughs of food on their desks.
Mrs. Krabappel fills them from a slop bucket.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Okay, children. Now open up your desks
and take out a clean stick of butter.
Now eat. Eat. Eat.

Bart, Lisa, and Milhouse nibble disgustedly on their butter
sticks, but Martin eats voraciously.

BART

(TO MARTIN) Don't you realize they're
just fattening you up?

MARTIN

They're giving me butter, Bart.
What're you giving me? Besides, the
only danger is if we misbehave or give
incorrect answers. Since I have
nothing to fear on either count, I
choose to indulge.

Without taking his eyes off Bart, Martin slowly shoves a
whole stick of butter into his mouth.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Okay, who wants a crack at my next
question?

MRS. KRABAPPEL'S POV

She scans the KIDS one by one. Lisa becomes a leg of lamb with a little paper crown on the end. Milhouse becomes a sandwich with glasses on top. Bart becomes an artichoke. Ralph, finger in nose, becomes a garbage pail buzzing with flies. Martin becomes a luscious suckling pig on a silver platter covered with pats of butter.

BACK TO SCENE

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Ah, Martin! What's the cube root of
125?

MARTIN

(SMUGLY) Five.

Martin defiantly takes another bite of butter.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Okay... define love.

Martin has been caught off guard.

MARTIN

(FUMFERING) Uh, um... well.

We see Krabappel wide-eyed and salivating profusely.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

I'm waiting. (WIPES MOUTH)

MARTIN

Love is the coming together of two
kindred souls in a union of passionate,
unselfish commitment.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(BUZZER SOUND) Wrong! Love is when
you give a man everything ya got and he
dumps all over you. Detention!

INT. MRS. KRABAPPEL'S CLASS - LATER

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Now let's all put our heads down on our
desks and let our fat cells gorge
themselves.

The kids put their heads down on their desks. Mrs. Krabappel begins reading a book entitled "The Joy of Cooking Milhouse." Milhouse looks nervously towards Bart and Lisa.

MILHOUSE

(WHISPERING) Uhm, uh... hey you guys,
I was just thinkin' that any one of us
could be next, so what d'ya say we make
a break for it?

Bart and Lisa nod eagerly in agreement.

LISA

(WHISPERING) You in, Ralph?

RALPH

No thanks. This booger thing is
working for me.

As Mrs. Krabappel reads, the kids crawl out of the room.

INT. SCHOOL - CORRIDOR

The kids creep past the detention room. Bart peers in the window.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - BART'S POV

The room is now lined with tiny veal pens containing immobilized kids. Milk feeder bottles hang upside down along the bars. Martin struggles against the bars of one cage. Skinner now **SMACKS** a spatula on his palm instead of a rod.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Easy there, young man. You'll only
make yourself tired and stringy.

Skinner turns and looks out the window, where more kids are running around in a corral.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER (CONT'D)

Now to check on the free-range
children.

BACK TO SCENE

Lunchlady Doris suddenly appears wearing a bloody slaughterhouse apron and holding a cleaver and a large knife.

LUNCHLADY DORIS

Well, if it isn't breakfast, lunch, and
that other meal we don't prepare here.

She begins advancing. Suddenly GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE runs up from behind.

GOUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

Hold on! I'm comin' to rescue the lot
of ye.

Skinner steps behind Groundskeeper Willie and plants an axe deep in his back.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE (CONT'D)

Ach, I'm bad at this.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Skinner and Doris close in on the kids in a pincer movement. Skinner swiftly dons a bib with the familiar school crossing road sign silhouette.

SKINNER

I'm going to enjoy devouring you, Bart Simpson. Yes... I believe I'll start, as you've so often suggested, by eating your shorts.

Bart and Lisa slowly back up to the precipice of a large food processor which reads: HAMILTON BEACH CHILD CHOPPER.

ANGLE ON SKINNER

Skinner puts his hand on a switch and slowly pushes it from the "OFF" position to the setting marked "CHOP." The blades move. He switches it to the setting marked "PULVERIZE" and the blades move faster. He switches it to the setting marked "PUREE" and the blades go even faster. He switches it to another setting marked "OFF" and the blades stop.

SKINNER

Oops.

He pulls it back to "PUREE" and the blades begin to make a **DEAFENING** sound. Skinner, Doris, Krabappel and Hoover begin closing in and salivating. Bart and Lisa continue to back up.

BART

Don't worry, Lis. Something always comes along to save us. This will be no...

Lisa falls down the chute.

LISA

(SCREAMS, ABRUPTLY CUT OFF)

BART

(CLEARS THROAT) Nevertheless, I remain confident that something will come along and save me.

BART'S POV

Rotating blades are coming at him. On his rising **SCREAM** --

CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - MORNING

We ZOOM IN on Bart bolting upright in bed and **SCREAMING**.
He awakens to hear only the peaceful **CHIRPING** of birds.
Bart's family is around him. Lisa is fine.

MARGE

Relax, honey. You were just having a
crazy nightmare. You're back with your
family now, where all you have to worry
about is doing your chores and avoiding
that fog that turns people inside out.

BART

Huh?

We see a dark fog begin to seep underneath the windows.

HOMER

Uh oh, it's seeping in!. (BITTERLY)

Stupid cheap weather stripping.

The fog comes in and turns the Simpsons inside out, as all
SCREAM horribly. They look at each other and then
themselves.

MARGE

Alright, nobody sit on the new slip
covers.

FADE OUT:

THE END